

NEWS OF EVERY FIELD
FULLY COVERED

SPORTS

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPORT
IS NEVER A KNOCKKALAKAUA AVE.
WALKERS ARE
ON EDGE

Fifth Annual Heel and Toe Event Promises to Be Best to Date—Long List of Hand-some Prizes Offered for Contestants in All Events

Everything is in readiness for the fifth annual Kalakaua Avenue walking race, to be decided tomorrow afternoon, and with nineteen entries in the main event, there is every indication that this year's race will be the most interesting to date.

The course, from the King street junction along Kalakaua avenue to the Waikiki Inn, is in worse shape than for any previous walk. The road has been plowed up in the center for parking, and the constant hauling and teaming has cut up the rest of it to a considerable extent. Recent rains have turned dust to sticky mud, and if the pedestrians can make close to record time, as some of them claim they have been doing during the last week, they will be putting up a really remarkable performance.

The race for fat men and "seniors" is scheduled to start at 2:15 sharp, the championship walk at 3, and the bike race at 3:30. This means that the wheelmen will finish immediately after the walkers, so that there will be no tedious waits for those at the finish line. All the races will end at the Waikiki Inn, and a clear view of the men for the last quarter of a mile of the course can be obtained from that place. More interest has been taken this year than ever before, and if the weather is half way decent a record crowd is apt to be on hand. Mayor Fern is to act as starter, and he will have the band out to help things along.

Following are the records of previous Kalakaua Avenue walks:

Jan. 17, 1908.	
Dick Sullivan	15:35
H. M. Ayres	15:39
E. M. Chatham	14:42
Del Faby	15:39
Henry Chillingworth	15:39
W. McPherson	15:39
I. J. Hurd	15:39
Wilson Feagler	15:39
Gaston J. Bolsoe	15:39
Dec. 19, 1908.	
Dick Sullivan	15:10
H. M. Ayres	16:04
M. G. Jardin	16:34
L. O. Rosa	16:35
Nigel Jackson	16:53
Wilson Feagler	17:26
G. B. Henderson	18:10
Sam Hop	18:10
Kanea	18:12
Dec. 18, 1910.	
Antone Kaco	15:41:25
Nigel Jackson	15:45:25
Wilson Feagler	16:00
Manuel Botelho	16:00
John Hau	16:00
G. B. Henderson	16:00
David Kahalewai	16:00
Frank Gomes	16:00
Sam Hop	16:00
Dec. 23, 1911.	
H. M. Ayres	16:09
Nigel Jackson	16:21
Manuel Botelho	16:39
Wilson Feagler	16:40
George Addison	16:58
D. Kahalewai	17:34
John Hau	18:01
S. J. Woodward	18:03
Sam Hop	18:07
Anton Kaco	18:27
Jimmie Fitzgerald	disq.
Soldier King	disq.

Following are the entries for tomorrow's events:

Championship Walk—Nigel Jackson, Antone Kaco, H. M. Ayres, John Hau, Kahalewai, D. Kahalewai, S. Kahalewai, M. Botelho, James G. Meek, C. Van Giesen, Jack Lewis, Bolster, Wilson Feagler, Sam Hop, Ed. Brown, Fat Men's Race—William Marshall, Archie Robertson, Carlton C. James, Old Men—Moses Poepeo.

Bicycle Race—Joe Smith, Yew Char, Soldier King, A. V. Roe, Peanuts, Sam Kama.

Careful herding and changing from one paddock to another minimized the destruction of cattle on Maui ranches during the late drought. Where in former days visitations the dead cattle were reckoned by the thousands in the recent case only a few hundreds were lost. Kula district famous for its temperate region crops is still suffering badly for lack of water, the pipe line lately having failed to yield the amount of water expected.

Miss May Sutton, tennis champion, was married at her home in Los Angeles to Thomas C. Bundy, also a famous tennis player.

HOLIDAYS ARE COMING
Get Trimmed and Dolled Up at the

Model Sanitary
Barber Shop
Good Service Guaranteed
Bethel St. below King : Phone 3883
E. G. Sylvester & E. Schull Props.

SOLDIERS TO PLAY
THE TOWNIES AGAIN

The Schofield Barracks football team, decisively beaten by the Original Town Team on December 14, will be given a return match, and a chance to make it horse and horse with the husky old-timers who hold down positions on the Town aggregation.

Manager Chillingworth of the locals is in touch with Sergeant Lowndes, manager of the Leilehua eleven, and arrangements have been made for a game to be played on Christmas day at Alexander Field, Punahou. Interest in the gridiron game is by no means dead here, and as the Schofield team has been considerably strengthened since the last meeting, the game should draw a good crowd.

PALZER PICKED
AS THE COMING
WORLD'S CHAMP

In spite of Luther McCarthy's decisive victory over Jim Flynn in Los Angeles the other day, Al Palzer has been made an 8-to-10 favorite over him in their New Year's meeting for the heavyweight championship of the world. These odds came over the cable last night, and set local fans to thinking that Palzer must be a pretty classy fighter all in all, for, according to the experts, McCarthy showed very well in the last bout.

The Coast papers say that after seeing the Missouri giant in action Palzer decided that he would have a tougher time with him than he had anticipated, and he is going to settle down to preparing himself for a strenuous engagement. He has considerably more respect for McCarthy now than he did before the Flynn fight. Light training under the direction of Manager Tom O'Rourke and Trainer Ad McCloskey will be the daily routine for the present. The big fellow needs a lot of work, as he is out of condition.

McCarthy, figured upon loading around until December 31, which gave him ten days of rest. He is in such splendid condition that he could afford to take this long rest without incurring any risks. The heavy drew well in Los Angeles. Tom McCarthy announced that the gate receipts of the last mill amounted to \$15,800. Of this sum Flynn received 30 per cent, or \$4,870, while McCarthy got 25 per cent. The crowd was one of the largest that ever attended a fight in the south, several hundred being turned away.

SIX-DAY BIKE
RACERS AHEAD

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Several exciting incidents marked the continuance of the six-day bicycle race at Madison Square garden tonight, though neither accident nor sprint eliminated any of the riders or changed their relative positions.

The score at the end of the ninety-fifth hour at 11 o'clock was 1,855 miles 4 laps for 12 of the 14 teams, with the Suter brothers and Carman-Loffes teams each two laps behind the leading bunch. The record was 3 miles 7 laps ahead of the best previous record, by Walthour and Collins in 1909.

Oscar Egg of the French team crashed into Bobby Walthour's wheel on one of the turns shortly before 10 o'clock and both were thrown. While Egg regained his feet and his wheel, Walthour was picked up unconscious, but it was found he was not seriously injured and he later appeared on the track.

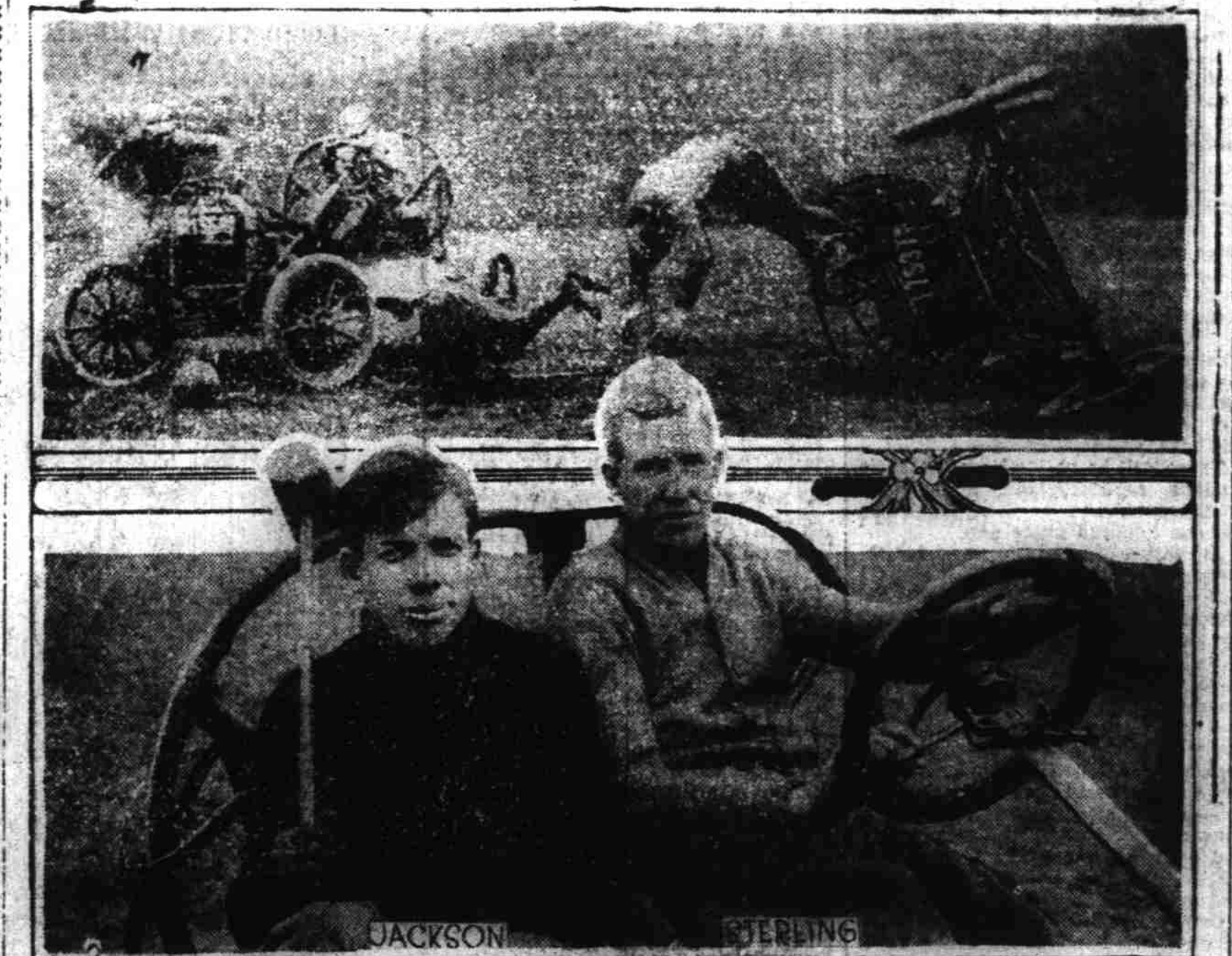
Between 9 and 11 o'clock there were several sprints. In the most sensational one, at 10:35, the Genda-Pye team was said to have gained practically a lap, but the referee did not allow it, on the ground that the riders had not quite overlapped the leaders when the sprint ended by a puncture of Pogle's tire.

At midnight the score of the 12 leaders was 1,874 miles 9 laps, while the two trailing teams had gone 1,874 miles 7 laps. The leaders were 3 miles 6 laps ahead of the record.

To prolong the life of a broom sealed in hot buds. This will toughen the straw so that they will not break in weeping.

In buying wall paper bear in mind that there is never more than four square yards in each roll, whether it is imported or domestic paper.

A mob of 250 strikers on the coal locks of the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad near Edgewater, N. J., attacked a small band of railroad detectives, driving them off the canal docks and shooting two of them dead. Others were severely wounded.

FOOTBALL? FUDGE! PUGILISM? POOH!
JUST TRY A GAME OF AUTO POLO

NEW YORK.—Auto polo is the latest sport. As its name implies, it is polo, but instead of horses autos are used. Two machines are used, one on each side, the cars being manned by two persons each, one to drive and the other to wield the mallet. These cars are of the runabout type, stripped down to the chassis, with a running board on the side and a contrivance like a hoop immediately back of the seat. The hoop is for the purpose of protecting the men when the machine turns over. The mallet wielder stands on the running board for the most part. The mallet is shorter than the regulation polo weapon and weighs a little more than two pounds. Goal posts are at either end of the field, and when the game begins the opposing autos start from immediately between the goal posts and at a given signal dash for the center of the field, where the ball has been placed by the referee. The ball is of leather and a trifle smaller than the usual basketball. There are five periods of ten minutes each, and time is taken out for accidents. Points are scored when the ball is driven between the goal posts. A short time ago the game was first introduced in the west and became popular in such cities as Des Moines, Kansas City, Wichita, St. Joseph, Lincoln and Detroit. The game was introduced to New Yorkers in Madison Square Garden recently. It will also be seen there from Dec. 18 to 28 inclusive. A. Sterling will drive one car, and Clarence Jackson will handle the mallet, while the opposition crew will consist of Ross King, driver, and Clyde Perreter. If you have ever tried to guide an automobile at forty miles an hour through a dense forest of pine trees while a wild eyed individual at your right side was trying to log off the branches with a scythe you will have a pretty fair idea of the feeling offered at the rate of twenty-seven thrills for every revolution of the engine by this new form of sport. Scene shows spill in recent game.

It has been suggested here an All-Hawaiian team be sent to the Coast in conjunction with the pony polo team. Ed Lord and Captain Frank B. Edwards seem to be the popular choice as Hawaiian standard bearers.

NEW TALES TOLD
AT THE OLD
RINGSIDE

BY W. A. PHELON.

Jack Root, who fought, flourished and saved his money a dozen years ago, was of Austrian birth, and the Austrians are both brave and frugal. This particular Austrian never flinched in battle and never squandered in peace. As the natural result, he quit the ring, when his fighting time had passed, with a good reputation for gameness and a bank roll that a fellow couldn't jump over. There were few men of his weight who could trim Jack Root, and he was a "cocking" fighter, both for cleverness and the punch he carried.

Bunk Allen, the man who invented pink lemonade and who passed only the other day to the beyond, was a circus ring and even when dabbling in politics and saloons, had to have reminders of the white tents and the red wagons always with him. Down on State street in Chicago, Andy Craig, showman and fight promoter, owned a place called a big basement, and in this basement Bunk Allen stored some of his equipments of his circus.

Allen, who was a strong, thick lipped fellow, and in the cage was an orang-outang. The orang was about five feet two, weighed maybe 180 pounds, and was the best fellow on earth when feeling well, or the worst when in an evil temper. Bunk Allen thought a lot of the orang, and the orang reciprocated, but the big ape was of unbecoming behavior when encountered by a crowd of people.

Jack Root, old manager, Lou Houseman and Sunday sports had foregathered one afternoon at Craig's to discuss a matter which Craig wanted to stage with Root as one of the principals. While Craig was going merrily along, a loud, grunting roar seemed to come from the floor beneath their toes and was followed by a screech like a saw in torment.

"What the devil's that," demanded Jack Root, as another gust of sound came from the cellar.

"That's Bunk Allen's orang-outang," Craig explained. "Bunk fed him awine ago, and turned him loose in the basement. Near time Bunk came back and locked him up again."

British Sportsman Comes To
Defense Of American Athletes

Although it comes rather late in day, an article by Mr. P. J. Baker, formerly president of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, published in the Grama, will be read with interest, as it vigorously defends the much maligned methods of American athletes at the last Olympic games at Stockholm.

"For months," he writes, "our newspapers have been full of articles (always without any evidence) that the American runners were guilty of every foul in the calendar. For months they have been telling us that this noble nation of sportsmen must retire from a competition which they cannot win without staining the pure, unsullied virginity of their amateurism. The members of the team have not been saying these things. They have not been saying them because they know that they are untrue and unjust. But, against their will and their conviction, they are damned as poor losers by the fulminations of the journalists."

"Mr. Lehmann, not unknown to Cambridge oarsmen, was the first to formulate in its completeness the doctrine of the divine right of the amateur not to train. The argument is this: No team can win the Olympic games without training similar to that indulged in by the Americans. Such training is professional in nature and in spirit it reduces the games to the level of commercial enterprises. We cannot undertake it without degrading what has always been for us a 'splendidly rough and ready' sport into a business which is inconsistent with our high ideals of amateurism; and, therefore, O shades of county cricket secretaries, we will start for the basement door. Craig called him, agitatedly.

"Keep out of that basement, Jack," he shouted. "That monk ain't to be fooled with. Let him alone." But the fighter was already on his way downstairs. Five seconds later there came a roar, an Austrian battle cry, a bloodcurdling snarl and a succession of thuds. Then a howl of "Take him off! Take him off!" and more snarls. Bunk Allen, coming through the street door, heard the noise, plunged downstairs, and all was still. Presently Bunk reappeared, assisting Root up the stairs. Jack's \$90 suit couldn't have been sold for 79 cents; his collar and tie were gone, both eyes were purple, his nose jetted blood drops, one ear was twisted and his chin had a lump on either side.

"I warned you, Jack," cried Andy Craig. "Don't be mad at me about it." "I'm not mad," responded Root. "But, say, what a bird that fellow'll make with a little training. Is there any chance to handle him, do you know? Who's his manager?"

affront the German nation by withdrawing from the competition at Berlin. But I find it difficult to drive from my thoughts the offensive words "ignorance" and "can't." I have lived in an American college; I have trained with an American college team under an American trainer; I have run in the American intercollegiate championships. Perhaps, therefore, I may diffidently offer that analysis of the American methods which Mr. Lehmann and the rest have forgotten to propound.

"The American athlete specializes on one or two events. Before any race of great importance he devotes most of his energies and time to his training. He has a coach, often a professional, who likewise devotes his whole time and energies to his coaching. He has an organization behind him which is managed by paid organizers, which system depends on organizing ability and intelligence, supported by a reasonable amount of money.

"That is the American method. Every single feature of it can be found in an advance stage of perfection in the organization of English rowing or English cricket or English football. Who specializes more than an English oarsman? Who invents the professional coach but the English cricketer? What English county cricketers have not their paid organizers? Mr. Lehmann knows that there is no sporting event in the world over which more trouble is taken, more time wasted and more money expended than the inter-varsity boat race. It is a business if any amateur event ever was. It is not done in a business spirit—of course not; neither will the English training for the next Olympic games be done in a business spirit.

"England will win the Olympic games when she is prepared to provide more running tracks, more genuine and serious competition. It ought not to be true that the Oxford and Cambridge University athletic clubs are the only clubs in the country that provide adequate facilities for consistent training; it ought not to be true that the athletic meetings they organize are—except, perhaps, for the championships—the only interesting sport in the country. To remedy all this will mean a little trouble and a little time."

To thwart the "loan sharks" and protect the poor, commercial and financial interests of San Francisco have organized a company called the Remedial Loan Association, which intends to drive out the illegitimate concerns by honest competition.

OUT OF SEASON
JOTTINGS FROM
THE BIG BRUSH

James McAleer of the world's champion Red Sox is said to have put Chance on the path of the Yankee management.

When asked if he would go to California to interview Chance, Frank Farrell of the Yankees refused to answer. He refuses to discuss any phase of the proposed deal that will make Chance the leader of the New York Americans.

Jake Stahl, manager of the world's champion Red Sox, has gone with his family for California, where he will enjoy a few weeks' vacation.

Christy Mathewson is working earnestly at his insurance business this winter, as he does at baseball in the summer. Matty goes down to his office every morning and has developed into a real business man.

Baseball tipped its hat to a new David Harum today when it dawned upon the winter league that Johnny Evers, in turning loose Joe Tinker, had taken for himself what is practically a brand new club for Chicago. Artie Latham remarked upon hearing the news: "That Evers ain't a manager; he's a pawn broker."

The Pittsburgh owners are understood to have an option on the services of Bresnahan, and it is said that he will sign up as soon as his case against the St. Louis club is settled. Baseball men at the meeting, appeared to be of the opinion that the Pirates would win the next pennant, but Evers says:

"I think the Pirates have a wonderful club but the team that I think we will have to watch is New York. I don't think the Giants are any stronger than Pittsburgh—maybe not as strong—but any time you beat McGraw you have to have a team 25 per cent stronger. He can do more with a team than any man in the world."

BETTING SPOILS
GOOD ENGLISH
SPORT

NEW YORK.—Charles E. Holway, the American professional sprinter, who has donned spiked shoes and competed in various countries, declares that if there was not so much betting in England there would be better athletes in that country. English professionals, he says, waste time and energy trying to fool the handicapper, and this spoils them in the long run. Holway has met and defeated some of the best professionals in the world and has much information concerning athletic conditions the world over. Some day, he says, Australia will produce an athletic team that will surprise the sharps. The climate there, he adds, is just suited for athletics, and only too small a population prevents it from keeping abreast with the countries which enter teams in the Olympics.

In his travels Holway had an excellent chance to observe conditions and the methods of various athletes in training. In speaking of his wanderings and observations Holway says: "If there was not so much betting there would be more good athletes in Great Britain today. A professional runner wastes half of his career trying to fool the handicapper and waiting for the mark he considers good enough to win comfortably. There are always five or six like that in every handicap, where a man will be on limit, say sixteen yards, when he should be allowed about ten. The handicapper says: 'Well, here is a lad that has never won a heat,' so his limit is fixed at sixteen yards in 120. Some one must be on that mark. The fellow who has fooled the handicapper gets on this big mark and the scratch man has no chance. A man may have a couple of runners and if there is not much betting they are saved for another year and sometimes two years, and they get so used to not trying that they never get to be good runners. Here is the secret of the American athlete's success. He is always trying. In England the athletes do not try, and include both amateur and professional—one is as bad as the other. Simply because one amateur athletic meeting has given a \$100 watch and chain, runners wait for this prize.

"I like England and was used well there by nearly every one. They are very hospitable. The reputation all American athletes have when in England is shown thus: The English will say: 'We can back so-and-so; these Americans are always triers, and I have always felt proud to hear that said.'

"Now, in Australia and New Zealand, professional athletes are thought more of than the amateur, because the best times are set up by the professionals, and the people seem to want to see the best, no matter whether professional or amateur.

"The climate is superb for athletics, and when one considers that there are more people in Greater New York than in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania combined, I think it is a

BALL GAMES ARE
UNCERTAIN;
RAIN

If Athletic Park Dries Up Interesting Double Header Will Be Played Tomorrow Afternoon. All-Chinese Again

The people who blocked sidewalks and street corners this morning, gazing heavenward, were not religious devotees nor were they looking for an aeroplane flight from over the city. They were just plain baseball fans, rubbing at the rain clouds, and wondering whether Athletic Park would be fit to play on, even if the sky made up its mind to cheer up.

The ball field received a terrific soaking last night and today, and unless both wind and sun lead a hand, there is little likelihood of games being played tomorrow. The weather is fortunate, as two exceptionally interesting games were down for postponement. There is still a chance of their coming off according to schedule, and the fans are hoping for the best.

The opener will be the first game of the pennant series between the C. A. U's and the Asahi, for the championship of the junior league. Each team copped a half-season series, and not it comes to a show down for the championship.

The second game, in which public interest centers, will be between the All-Chinese, undefeated since their return from the mainland, and the Portuguese, who just lost the pennant series to the J. A. C's. The Chinese beat the J. A. C's in an exhibition game several weeks ago, and they have taken all the league teams into camp with the exception of the Panch-bowl prides. The series between the Portuguese and Chinese, then, is of really more interest than one between the Celestians and the league champions, for everyone is anxious to see what sort of a stand Manager Fares's men will make. If they can stop the winning streak of the Chinese they will have accomplished more than any other senior team has been able to accomplish.

Following will be the line-up weather permitting play:

C. A. U.—Jack Yee, p.; Xavier, c.; Hoan Cheong, 1b.; Hoan Ki, 2b.; S. Ayau, 3b.; Kan Yen, ss.; Ping Kong (Capt.), lf.; Sing Hung, cf.; C. Wong, rf.
Asahi—Araki, p.; C. Moriyama, c.; Komeya, 1b.; Uyeno, 2b.; Iwasaki, 3b.; Nakamura, ss.; Yamashiro, lf.; Uyeno, cf.; Morishige, rf.
Portuguese—A. C. Freitas (Capt.), p.; Bushnell, p.; Joseph, c.; Flier, 1b.; La Mere, 2b.; Sousa, 3b.; Bushnell, ss.; Zamiska, lf.; Madeira, cf.; Ornelas, rf.
All-Chinese—Apau Kan, p.; Kan Yen, c.; Albert Akana (Capt.), 1b.; A. Asam, 2b.; Lai Tin, 3b.; V. Ayau, ss.; "Chief" Akana, lf.; En Su, cf.; Sing Hung, rf.
Umpire—H. Chillingworth.
Scorer—Sam Hop.

Charles R. Rose, of Chicago, confessed to the murder of his 3-year-old baby in a fit of rage against the child's mother.

Ambassadors of the great European powers are to meet in London simultaneously with the peace envoys from Turkey and the Balkan states. This announcement indicates the still unsettled condition of European relations.

wonderful country to turn out so many good athletes.

"Every one loves sport in general and there are few that do not indulge in some pastime. I think the Australians are the biggest-hearted people in the world. They certainly like Americans, and find in many things they copy American methods."

"In South Africa the climate is very hot. I could not produce my best results consistently, although at times I ran faster in Johannesburg than I ever ran in my life."

These Little Pills
from the Orient

will stop all drains and losses. They are worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from nervous exhaustion, either mental or physical. They restore digestion, regulate the circulation, clear the brain, prevent insomnia and impart a magnetic vigor. One box of

Persian
Nerve Essence

will make you feel like a new person; six boxes are guaranteed to make a permanent cure or the money will be refunded. Persian Nerve Essence contains no mercury or other injurious drugs. The proprietors, The Brown Export Co., 95-97 Liberty St., New York, N. Y., U. S. A., earnestly ask you to give Persian Nerve Essence a good fair trial at their risk. Commence to-day, you can obtain the preparation from

and by CHAMBERS DRUG CO.